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Jules rushed to the well which was not ten feet deep, and there saw Waen Baerle in a dressing-gown, hanging by the well rope; his feet in a bucket. Jules spoke not a word, but at once hoisted the poor money-changer up, took him in his arms, and carried him to his bedroom, where, despite his cries, he was warmly wrapped up and made to swallow a bowl of hot soup. This soon sent him off into a deep sleep.

"Mademoiselle," said Jules, earnestly, about an hour after this, "we must have recourse to a grand stroke. But I can do nothing here. You must let your father accompany me to my residence. My mother will be glad to see you, the more that I have seen her but twice for three months."

After some further conversation, Annette agreed, and next day the old man, well wrapped up, was led out by his daughter and the young doctor into the street, where an open carriage and four horses awaited them. Another carriage stood behind for the servants and luggage, and around was collected the whole village, who took off their hats respectfully, and then cried as the carriages drove off, "*Vive Monseigneur! Vive Monsieur le Duc!*"

"What mean they?" cried Annette, amazed.

"They mean," said Jules, quietly, "that I hold before the world the rank of Duke. My name is now Duc de Mercœur-Blacas. Five years ago, I was a laborious and poor medical student. Death made me heir to a title and vast estates. I retained, however, my passion for science, and to this hour continue my studies. I live close by, and public rumour told me soon of the presence of a charming stranger. I asked your name. Judge my surprise when I found that you were the daughter of my old friend, Waen Baerle, who, when I was at college at Strasburg, always lent me a few francs, without interest, when I was short of cash. I saw you, and could not but be pleased; I studied your character in the views of others, and loved you. You have accepted the physician, you cannot refuse the Duke."

"Ah! ah! ah!" said the old man, "what changes! Little Blacas a duke, and I a man of butter!"

"My dear sir," continued the young duke, while Annette leaned back in the carriage, too surprised to answer, "then you approve my suit?"

"I approve everything. But don't have too much noise. No cookery, no illuminations, no fireworks. Recollect that I am made of butter."

"You shall have every care," said the duke gently; and then he turned to Annette, to win from her confirmation of her former promise. What could she say? She had said she would be his, and she could not now tell him she had changed her mind.

They soon came in sight of the castle. It was a splendid old monument of architecture of the olden time, with moat, and ditch, and battlements, and a host of servants, who hailed the advent of their young lord with rapture. In they drove into the large court-yard, where they were received by the young man's mother, a venerable, but most agreeable person, who took the hand of Annette affectionately, and by her manner made her quite at home at once. She that very day intimated her consent to her son's marriage, "for," said she, "we have been brought up under such circumstances, that no room has been left for false pride. I simply ask of my son to give me a good and charming daughter-in-law. He has done so. I am satisfied."

"Oh, madam, how good you are;" said Annette with tears in her eyes.

Madame de Blacas pressed the young girl to her heart, and led her down to dinner.

The next morning Waen Baerle, who had taken over night a sleeping potion, woke in the complete darkness. Not a shadow of light penetrated near him. He stretched out his hand and felt a hard vault above him, a vault of stone.

"In the name of God, where am I?" said he, in terror-stricken accents.

Then he heard low voices, and listened.

"Light the fire," exclaimed one, "the butter must be melted out of him, or he will die."

"The fire burns well," replied another.

And Waen Baerle felt a gentle warmth beneath him.

"Let me out!" he cried, in terror-stricken accents.

"Stir up the fire," continued one of the speakers.

"Ah! I shall die. Give me air! I won't pretend to be of butter any more—let me out!" shrieked the unhappy money-changer. "Am I in purgatory, am I suffering the punishment of my sins? What is happening?"

"See the butter melts, and runs out in buckets-full," added one.

"Save me!" shrieked Waen Baerle, feeling his face, which was all clammy with perspiration. "I am melting."

"Melted!" cried the same voice; "saved! saved!"

And the oven door opened, Waen Baerle was taken out, his head wrapped up in a cloth, so he could not see, and presently he found himself lying quietly in his bed-room. He shook himself, and asked if he were dreaming. When he saw his daughter and the duke he was quite rational. He said nothing of what had passed, and never alluded to his peculiar fancy for some days. At the end of a month, however, one day he showed signs of terror at a blazing fire, and declared there was a conspiracy to murder him.

Next morning he awoke in the oven again, and the same scene was enacted once more. This effectually cured the man of butter. So horrible did he consider the punishment, that every energy of his mind was directed to conquer his hallucinations, which he did. The fact is, this fancy, like angry passions, bad habits, and even vices, may be overcome by a firm will. If we once make up our minds to anything solemnly, it is a thing accomplished. Deep grief and hopeless passion, two powerful feelings, have been overcome and vanquished in the same person, to my knowledge, after a strong battle, by firm devotion several hours a day to dry mathematical studies. Where there is a will there is a way.

About a month after Waen Baerle's cure the young couple were married. Jean Baerle, who was not doing very well at Strasburg, came down to Blacas Castle as intendant steward, and private secretary, the old man riding out with him under the impression that he thus did a deal of business, but never showing even a remembrance of his strange hallucination. Annette proved fit for her new station. She had delicate feelings, a desire to improve, much tact; her husband's society and library did the rest. They live still, and so does Jean; but Waen Baerle is of late gathered to his fathers. But in Blacas Castle all still remember the kind old man, who all his after life was called the Butter-Man.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent! indolent!—yes, I am indolent:

So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly,—

So is the violet fragrant and lowly,

Drinking in quietness, peace, and content,—

So is the bird on the light branches swinging,

Idly his carol of gratitude singing,

Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent!—yes, I am indolent:

So is the cloud overhanging the mountain,—

So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,

Uttering softly its eloquent psalm,—

Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,

Silent as blossoms the night drowses closing,

But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent!—yes, I am indolent,

If it be idle to gather my pleasure

Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,

Midnight and morning,—by forest and sea,—

Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,

Lonely in autumn's forlorn lamentation,

Hopeful and happy with spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent!—art thou not indolent,

Thou who art living unloving and lonely,

Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,

Shrouded in selfishness, pitiless ghost?

Sad eyes bebold thee, and angels are weeping

O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;

Art thou not indolent?—Art thou not lost